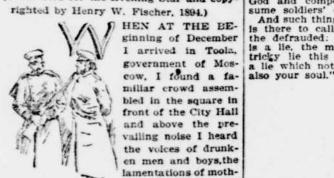
RUSSIAN RECRUITS

DESCRIBED BY COUNT TOLSTOI

How Peasants are Driven Into the Service of the Czar

(Translated for the Evening Star and copy-



lamentations of mothers and wives. Ingide of the great edifice a meeting of the military conscription commission was taking place. I never can tear myself away from such a scene. It acts upon my mind like the magnet does on steel. So I dived deep into the bowels of the commotion to see it in all its phases, and to put questions to the men and women assembled, and the effrontery of those by whose orders this great crime was committed in bright daylight, on the market

place of a great city, astounded me. The elders and authorities of all the villages and hamlets of our great hundredmillion-realm had called upon the men on their lists, among them their own sons, this time, as in former years, to prepare themselves for civil execution in the cities. A great deal of drink was indulged in on the way, and the elders did not begrudge the young fellows the large measures of vodka; Indeed, is would have been too cruel to commit them in a sober state to a system and a condition of servitude that has no other purpose but to create a further quota of mechanical tools for despoliation. They had arrived in the chief towns of their circuit, the county seat, in sledges, with caths on their lips. Such curses! They sang ribald songs, fought among each other and all night long remained in the saloons. When

night long remained in the saloons. When the morning broke, a few more glasses of yodka, just to give courage, and then they assembled before the city hall. There I found them, clad in new sheep skins, knitted woolen bands around their throats, their eyes swollen with drink. Some were howling wildly in an effort to benumb their feelings of alarm; others were still and resigned. Attended by their were still and resigned. Attended by their crying wives or sweethearts, and their mothers, they must wait until their names are called out. A few are hudded together in the corridor of the city hall.

Examining a Recruit.



a portrait of the czar in parade aniform, with a broad scarf of decoration across his breast, the picture was encased in a heavy frame. In the corner, near the window, hung a small lithograph, representing Christ in His shirt and with His crown of thorns. with papers: there was some kind of a scaf-fold on it, embelifished by the glided eagle of the Russian empire. Around this table cle-sat the members of the conscription com-mission, quietly and unconcernedly; one of them smoked a cigarette, another languidly turned the leaves of a book

turned the leaves of a book.

When Sidorow entered, a subaltern officer walked up to him, pushed him under the wooden gauge to determine his height, kicked his naked feet into position and thrust, with a jirk of his arm, the poor frightenel boys chin high up in the air. Then came the man with the cigarette-he was the physician—spat out, felt, with unconcealed disgust of Plotr's muscles, tapped his breast, ordered the subaltern "to open the fellow's breadbasket," and finally commanded him to breathe heavily and to shout, all the time calling out his opinion to the bookkeeper to register his observa-tion. When the physician got through, he said, without even looking at the victim of conscription. "All right, fetch another of these swine," and again sat down at the table, with his disgusted and wearied air.

So the subaltary pushed the man lowerd So the subaltern pushed the man toward the door and toll him to dress. Pjetr, trying to get into his shirt, did not find the sleeves at once, but a kick, applied to his rear, sharpened his wits. So he donned his rear, sharpened his wits. So he donned his my and eat what I pleased. What do not have the house grant pages and eat what I pleased. rear, sharpened his wits. So he donned his trousers in a jiffy, likewise his boots, grabbel his neck cioth and his sheepskin, and thus, only half attired, re-entered the conscription chamber, scarcely a minute and a half after leaving it. He was ordered to stand back among the rest of them who had been adjusted fit subteact for the day. stand back among the rest of them who had been adjudged fit subjects for the drill grounds. A soldier, with gun and bayonet, who only a year ago was just such a yokel as Piotr Sidorow, but from another part of takes the thing off my mind, you see. who only a year ago was just such a yokel as Pjotr Sidorow, but from another part of the empire, stood guard. He had orders to run Pjotr through and through, if he should I'll have to have some—nice piece of such and I'll have to have some—nice piece of and the latter of such and another part of such as the state of such and another part of such as the state of such as the such as the state of such as the s

Wives of the Recruits. While this happened inside, the fathers, mothers, women and sweethearts fought for space in front of the city hall, with the policemen, in their anxiety to find out if their relatives had been "taken" or not. One man came out to say that Pjotr Sidorow was to wear uniform henceforth, whereupon Plotr's young wife, baby at her breast, cried convulsively, for this piece of news meant to her loneliness, slow starvation for four to five years. The lot of a solution

dier's wife is either the hardest sort of pervitude or piteous degradation. Now, a man with long hair, and in clothes which distinguished him from the rest of the crowd, drove up at the city hall. A policeman ordered the people to fall back and make room for him. He was the priest, ordered to administer the oath of the three in the recruits. This man walks briskly into the conscription chamber, where the recruits are awaiting his coming. He divests himself of his overcoat, dons a

showy and magnificent regalia; strokes down his long hair, takes the cross and the identical book, which contains the comwite Town

Identical book, which contains the commandant, "Thou shalt not swear," deposits both the book and crucifix on a desk, and now all these unhappy, protectorless and disfranchised young men are compelled to reiterate the words which the priest speaks in a mechanical but firm tone of voice. These words are in effect as

"I affirm and do affirm by God the Almighty and His holy teaching to defend all those whom I am told to protect, and to do all that I am told to do by persons, whom I do not know and for whose sake I am bound to oppress my own brothers, if it be so ordered, though knowing that these men

would almost commit any crime in order to retain their positions." The recruits reiterate the barbaric words AND MADE INTO BEASTS

The recruits reiterate the barbaric words of the oath in their own stupid fashion. Then the priest withdraws, perfectly satisfied that he has done his duty well. And these disfranchised young men really believe that the sinful and to them incomprehensive words, they exheat an above that the sinful and to them incomprehensive words. prehensive words they echoed as they left the priest's mouth prevent them, for their period of service at least, from exercising theif sacred rights and duties as children of God, and compel them beneficial. God and compel them henceforth to assume soldiers' duties.

And such things are done openly! Nobody is there to call out to the sharps and to the defrauded: "Think before you act; it is a lie, the most blasphemous, the most tricky lie this condition imputed to you, a lie which not only ruins your body, but



a Vodka Vender. Nobody thinks of doing this. On the contrary, after the priest has gone the colonel enters the conscription chamber, where the recruits are locked in, and says, as if to goad them: "Welcome, you fellows! I congratulate you on your good luck to be allowed to enter the czar's service."

The Future Soldiers. And, with their tongues made heavy by drink, these unhappy ones stammer the could write anything which had a real words which they have been told to utter, money value. I left Georgia on account of and which are to express their happiness. the death of my daughter. We loved ner Their relatives are still outside, in the snow. dearly, and I could not endure life amid I knew him intimately up to the time of his me?" Meanwhile, work went on quite swim- With eyes reddened by crying, the women the old associations without her. 1 gave up Meanwhile, work went on quite swimmingly in the conscription chamber. Somebody opened the door, and the portion cried:

Pjotr Sidorow."

The man addressed shuddered, crossed his breast a few times and then stepped into the relatives and howl in anguish; others

With eyes reddened by crying, the women keep staring at the door. Finally it opens and the future soldiers come out, with unsafe step, but frightened into assuming a bold air. Now the lamentations of the mothers and women and girls commence anew. Some throw themselves on the necks of their relatives and howl in anguish; others the room, where the recruits undress Pjotr's comrade, who had been found serviceable, at this moment emerged from the conscription chamber, nude and with teeth conscription chamber and with teeth conscription chamber and the conscription chamber a conscription chamber, nude and with teeth constription chamber, nude and with teeth chattering. He could hardly don his clothes, so cold was he. Sidorow saw at clothes, so cold was he. Sidorow saw at clothes, so cold was he can biame them for crying he wanted to ask him a few questions, but the guard commanded him to shut up and to know that never again will they see their undeed.

Wives knew it all the time, but now they are sure of it, that for three, four and five value until one day Mr. Aiden, the editor of Harper's Magazine, asked me what I had received for them. He was surprised for them. He was surprised the wight was only seventy pounds. During his whole life I venture he did not have a moment which was only seventy pounds. During his whole life I venture he did not have a moment which was free from pain. He was always cold, notwithstanding the fact that he were two guits of silk undersolved for them. He was surprised to when I told him that I had written them for crying of Harper's Magazine, asked me what I had received for them. He was surprised when he left college at nineteen his net when he

> loons. The drunken howling and singing, but also the lamentations of the mothers and women, become more pronounced, louder, more disgusting as it mixes with the music of the concertinas and the curses of the drivers. Again the drunken bachanal the drivers. Again the drunken bachanal begins and continues until the last piece of money is spent. The government makes quite a nice sum out of these sinful proceedings, for the more vodka is drunk the larger are the dues paid into the treasury. Early in the morning they arrive at their homes, where the recruits are allowed to remain for two or three weeks longer. Most of them are in a beastly state of intoxication all this time. One fine morning, however, the chief herdsman lets loose his dogs of war and drives the whole outfit off in the

suffered under the prevailing system of fraud and intimidation for two or three years and are more like beasts than men. Their means characters, with their names changed. In are more like beasts than men. Their means of education are lies, coarseness and inso-lence, vodka and beatings. Before the year is over the young man from the country, body and soul, is as much of a beast as his I asked one of the young recruits: "What

would you do if your father, who had been given into your charge for some offense or another, should try to escape?"

"I would run him through with my bayonet," he answered, churlishly, in a harsh voice, such as only a Russian soldier can assume. "And if the caltiff should get away from me, in the name of the czar, I would shoot him down as a dog," he added, very proudly, having mastered his lesson so well. If a boy has sunk lower than a beast he is just in a condition of mind to serve his masters best, being a perfectly developed fool, ready to be sent to the devil, completely lost to humanity, a tool of despoliasion. As for me, I compose my stories with my pen in hand. I start them tion, murder, matricide, a tool such as

tyrants require.

And all this happens every winter, in all the towns of Itussia, in bright daylight, in the presence and with the knowledge of all. And the deceitful practices employed are so clever that nobody can escape them, even if all see through the thing and abominate COUNT LEO TOLSTOL

The Peppery Man's Lunch.

From the New York Tribune. A peppery-faced man came into a downtown restaurant the other day, sat down and scanned the bill of fare with a critical eye. He had another man with him, who inquired, "Well, whatcher goin' to eat?" "Welsh rabbit, I guess,"

"Rather indigestible, isn't it, to work on?" "Maybe, but I feel like having some, that's all," replied the peppery-faced man. "I tell to the bookkeeper to register his observa- you what," he went on; "now, I've had

mince pie, waiter, with plenty of sugar and a bit of cheese!"



RICHARDM. JOHNSTON

A Visit to the Southern Story Teller at His Home.

CHAT ABOUT HIS

How a Successful School Teacher Was Turned Into an A. thor.

STORIES OF A. H. STEPHENS



and whose dialect second floor, and it was in the parlor, furof his time. He lives very comfortably, however, and his income from his writings is enough to support well himself and his one of the best educators of the United States. He was a professor in the Unita, in Georgia, and made here for years ta, in Georgia, and made here for years \$20,000 and upward annually by teaching. He had about fifty boys, who paid him tuition fees of \$500 a year, and the most famous families of the south sent their children to him. Very few teachers in the United States today can make as much as \$20,000 a year, and the story of how Mr. Johnston gave up his school and devoted himself to writing for an income about one-tenth this size is an interesting one. He

How He Became an Author. Said he: "I like the profession of teaching very much, and I looked upon it as my life work. I never thought of making money by writing for pay, and it was not until 1 came to Baltimore that I realized that 1 looked upon it as my life to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to come to be one night he asked me to be one His Characters Real Men and Women.

told it to me in response to my questious.

As Richard Malcolm Johnston said this, I looked into his bright blue eyes and could not realize that he was more that his deven he lave on his dogs than many men do friends, and he made his friends troubles that he was a man of many he hold while they he was more than his favel, and he havished more weaking of "stuff" would land him in the was more that his favel as many men do friends, and he made his friends troubles that he was a man of many he he doult he he he late that his but he he he late the he he he he was the work. He was a man of many he he does that he was a man of many he he does that he he he he he was the was the work. He was the he he he he was the work. He was the he was the ever, the chief herdsman lets igose his dogs of war and drives the whole outfit off in the direction of the garrison. The military course then begins.

The drill masters have been peasants, as their apprentices; the only difference between them is that the older soldiers have suffered under the prevailing system of fraud no place in the world will you find more in-dividuality than among the mildle class poor white trash, but are the ordinary well-to-do middle class, types of which you may still find in some of the rural districts of my state. I love them, and they know

How He Writes.

I asked Mr. Johnston something as to his

habits of work. not see how an author can do good work by dictation. As for me, I compose my a character or an incident of my experience, and by working at it and changing it this way and that it finally comes into the finished shape in which it goes to the printer. I am very particular as to the names of my characters, and I think that a name should fit the character, just as a glove fits the hand. In writing I take the first name that comes to me. It does not perhaps suit, but I go on with the rest of the story, changing the names and rechanglast seem to me to fit the characters. It is a surprise to me that the people like my writings. I am not satisfied with them myself, and I am always diffident about reading them in public. I never read them to myself, and I don't like to read them that my audience shows some interest in I am bashful and backward. very foolish when I begin reading on the platform, and this feeling does not dis-appear until there is some decided interest manifested by the audience."

Fun Amid Gloom. "Your stories are full of fun. Mr. Johnston " said I. "I have laughed a great deal

over them." "Indeed." was the reply, "Well, do you know that I seldom laugh when I am writing them, and some of my best work and that which is said by the people to be the most full of fun has been done under the saddest of circumstances. I am naturally composed shortly after I came here from Georgia. I was distracted at the time with grief over the death of my daughter. I feared as to the result of my change of residence, and it is a wonder to me now that I was able to write at all at the time. "Do you think it a mistake that you did not begin writing at a younger age?" said I. "I don't know," was the reply. "I doubt whether I would have written any better if I had begun sooner. I feel intellectually as strong today as I ever did, and I write as easily. All of my writing has, you know, been done within the past twenty

years, and during that time I have written seventy-five short stories and several books." How Story Writing Pays.

"How about the profits of literature?" "There is not a great deal of money in my writing for me," replied Mr. Johnston. "I mean I don't make from \$15,000 to \$20. 000 a year by my reading and writing, as Bill Nye or James Whitcomb Riley are said to do. If I get from \$1,500 to \$2,000 per year I think it is more than I am worth. I for my work from \$25 to \$35 per thousand words, and a short story pays me usually \$150 and upwards, according to its

length and character. It seems to me a

great deal for them.
"I find it more difficult to write a short story than a long one. In writing a short story you have to make every word tell. You must be very concise, and I think that conciseness is the great secret of success in good writing. I like short stories better than long ones, though I would rather turn out one long story than two short ones. I don't find, however, that I am a success as a bookmaker. My stories have been put into book shape in a number of cases, and they usually sell somewhere from 2,000 to 3,000 copies. They don't run much above

The Dialect Story. "What do you think of the dialect story?" "It seems to me that the people do not care so much for it as they did in the past. My stories are in dialect, for this is needed in order to describe the people of whom I write. We people of the south are fond of our dialect, and a party of well-educated Georgia men, when talking socially togeth- with and had retained the proverbial silver er, will often drop into the dialect of their spoon. His abode, too-a luxuriously furboyhood. During the days when Alexander nished suite in one of the best hostelries Stephens was in Congress, a number of well-known Georgians often dined with him at the National Hotel. I was sometimes present with them, and any one to have present with them, and any one to have with some lonely heach or dark and the National Hotel. I was sometimes customed to associate the name "smuggler" with some lonely heach or dark and with lone of the best hosteries done—die."

Bob looked grave, "I wouldn't talk like that," he returned, in a low tone. "That is again in which there's no change to win." one of the most charming writers of the United States. I refer to Richard Mal
note to colm Johnston, who to those who used it, and it seems to me it brings my people closer to me. I sometimes mus and Thomas Nel-daughter generally object."

son Page as among How Alexander H. Stephens Wrote Letters.

second floor, and it was in the parlor, furnished with antique pieces, that I met Mr. Johnston. He is not so rich today as he was before the war, when he owned a plantation in the south and possessed the luxurious surroundings of a well-to-do planter rious surroundings of a well-to-do planter asked Mr. Stephens' advice as to how I was sojourning in Alaska for a few weeks, of his time. He lives very comfortably, should improve my style and dispose of my poem. Mr. Stephens recognized the hand-writing, and a few days later I received a is enough to support well himself and his letter which was signed 'Peter Finkle.' family. It is not generally known to the Under this signature Mr. Stephens wrote an public that Richard Malcolm Johnston is answer to my letter. Finkle pretended that he was sort of a private secretary of Mr. Stephens, and he wrote his master's ideas States. He was a professor in the University of Georgia at the time the war began, and when it closed, leaving himself and all his friends poor, he opened a boarding school for boys at his home, near Spar-ling school for boys at his home. signed Peter Finkle. Shortly after the cor-respondence began I asked Peter Finkle to give me some stories about his master, whom he called the 'Boss,' and in reply to this Alexander Stephens told me letters a large part of the story of his life. He described his school days, and wrote much more freely than he could have writmuch more freely than he could have writ-ten had be been writing concerning himself in the first person. He was one of the most charming writers, and he kept during a part of his early life a sort of a diary or journal. I was visiting him at one time at his home in Georgia. I had asked him many questions about his early life, and just be-fore we went to bed one night he asked me for years, and that he often intended to destroy it. He read several pages of it to me, and finally consented that I might read the whole of it. This was before the war. death.

How Stephens Looked.

"Please tell me how he looked?" said I. "He was a little bundle of skin and bones. He never weighed more than a boots, his waistenat, his shirt and went into the chamber, askel and thin, so you could count his ribs, trending all over and racking with the smell of vodka, tobacco and perspiration.

Children as they have known them all their lives, for, even if they do come back, they will not be obedient and diligent as heretofore, but fellows steeped in vice, ashamed of simple pursuits and afraid of work.

In the evening all mount their sledges again and off they are for the inns and saloons. The drunken howling and singing, the first story was published after 1 was nity years of age."

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In the evening all mount their sledges again and off they are for the inns and saloons. The drunken howling and singing, the first story was published after 1 was nity years of age." have ever known. He was melancholy in his temperament, and was full of fears catchee Seattle." He was the most tender-hearted man I have ever known, and he had the greatest sympathy for his friends and everything

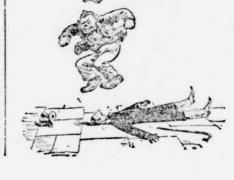
frauds. He was the soul of generosity. He made, I venture, as much as \$300,000 during his lifetime, but he died poor. He ed back. The head which had seemed to spent his money as fast as he made it and he didn't seem to appreciate its value. or hill people of Georgia, and my stories represent these people as they existed about fifty years ago. They are not crackers or poor white trash, but are the ordinary stitutional View of the War' must have sold about 70,000 copies. It was published

a volume, and his receipts from it ame ed to \$35,000. He kept open house at Lib-erty Hall, his place in Georgia, and every train brought him guests, some of whom he had never met before. He was fond of He replied that he wrote all of his stories with his own hands. Said he: "I compose very slowly, and I revise a great deal. I do not see how an author can do good work by to other great men of the south. He said that he thought the giants of the south were not as well known as those of the and let them shape themselves. I take up north. It was only during recent years that the south had contained many literary men. The southerners of the past were more like the Romans, in that they were men of action and not writers. The northerners Mr. Johnston compared to the Greeks, who were poets and scholars, as well as soldiers. He said that he thought the war and changed the south in this respect, and that the present era of literary activity and of literary production in the south was largely due to this change. Throughout the whole conversation Mr. Johnston exhibited the warmest of sentiments in regard to the north, and his friendships are by no means bounded by Mason and Dixon's line FRANK G. CARPENTER.

The Cries of Children. From the Popular Health Magazine,

metallic, with a crowing inspiration. The cry in brain disease, particularly hydrocephalus (water on the brain) is short. sharp, shrill and solitary. Obstinate and passionate and long continued crying tells of catarrh, thirst, hunger, original meanness, or the pricking of a pin. The cry in pleurisy is louder and shriller than in pneu-monia, and is invoked by moving the child of a melancholy temperament. I must be a melancholy temperament. I must be of on coughing. The cry of intestinal all-ments is often accompanied by wriggling and writhing before defection. Exhaustion is manifested with a white. Crying just after coughing indicates pain caused the act. The return or inspiratory part the cry grows weaker toward the fatal end of all diseases, and the absence of crying during disease is often of graver import than its presence, showing complete exhaustion and loss of power. Loud scream-ing sometimes tells of renal gravel.

Stamped on His Memory.



ONLY A CHINESE GIRL

Lieut. G. de H. Browne in Munsey's.



depths of an easeor giving chair.

questions in a manner highly satisfactory to himself.

There was an easy expression on his features, as he gazed from the window, at the busy throng of teams and pedestrians in The conversation here turned to Alexan- the street. His eyes lighted as with the der Stephens. Richard Malcolm Johnston was one of Alexander Stephens' closest wandered to the tempting display of viands in a restaurant opposite. Although a small it's in the Blue Book or the Rogues' Gallery. However, Miss Marsden, are you would reach the brillianty lighted streets of their clock on the mantel was about to chime the hungry?" tales of the Georgia was one of Alexander Stephens' closest wandered to the tempting display of viands the readers of the magazines for years. It clated together during a great part of their clock on the mantel was about to chime the was at his home on West North avenue lives, and one of the best of our American hour of noon he had not yet breakfasted. n Baltimore, that I called upon him. His biographies is Mr. Johnston's life of Alex- With the stroke of the clock he rose, slowly nouse is a three-story red brick, which is ander H. Stephens. During the talk he told and as if half reluctant to exchange the covered with vines and looks out upon me how he secured some of the material for contemplation for the realization. Then he one of the widest streets of the city. this life. Said he: "Alexander Stephens and dropped quickly back, and his brow knitted The living rooms of the family are on the myself corresponded together for years, and with an expression of annoyance, as a

> True, the card was always there, but Bob was always "in Alaska" to those who did not possess a key to his room.

He kept perfectly still, waiting for the visitor to retire. But he was not to escape thus easily, for the knock was repeated,

"Well?" he said gruffly. There was no immediate reply in words; but with the turning of the key the door was pushed open and a Chinaman hastily entered, closing it behind him. Bob regarded him for a moment with an angry look, then his face relaxed into a smile.

"That's right," he said dryly. "Make yourself perfectly at home. Shall I ring for anything to add to your comfort?" "You sabe takee Chinaman 'Nited States sixty dollar?" the intruder asked with a

"Possibly," Bob returned laconically. "I sabe lots of things I don't tell other folks. The man made a gesture of impatience.

"You needn't be 'flaid o' me," was his reply. "I sabe you-sabe li'le boat go puff, ar. Fuff. I catchee sixty dollar, you takee

Bob eyed him with a suspicious glance. "Why do you come to me instead of Wong Chung?" he asked, naming the Chirese contractor who generally supplied him with the coolies in bands, as if they were so many cattle.

could not realize that he was more than his favorite dog died, and he lavished more exchange of "stuff" would land him in the

hat. At the result of his own act he startbe closely shaven, and ornamented with a cue, was covered with a mass of long, dark hair, which, thus released, fell in straggling confusion about his-or rather about her shoulders. For it was plainly evident

that this visitor was a woman.
Bob's eyes flashed angrily. Turning, he locked the door, and placed the key in his pocket. "Possibly you sabe more than 'puff, puff,'

now," he said coldly.

The woman made no reply. Her eyes were fixed upon him with a bok of despair. Yet there came no change in the hue of her face. Wetting his finger, Bob drew it gently

lis visitor was no longer a nondescript, thought of his wavering between his chosen half woman, half coolie, but a young girl, calling and a pretty face, when the prettiest clad in a plain, well-fitting gown, whose face on earth is found on a yellow gold traveler may cover a far greater stretch, and before they reached the Atlantic's shore exquisitely rounded figure. Her dark hair had been brushed back and neatly rearranged. Her face, bereft of the slanting lines about the eyes and the yellow coloring hurricane deck, and in the young man be-

"And yet I am," was the low response.
"But I will explain. My mother was born in America—in Baston, but I will explain. The state of th in America—in Boston; but when quite young she was taken to China, where she afterward married, and where I was born. A year ago she died, and, as my father had been dead for several years, I was left been dead for several years, I was left without a relative except an aunt, who lives somewhere in Massachusetts. With a little money, which my mother left me, I endeavored to reach the United States, I endeavored to reach the United States. I "No," he returned. "They would like to, first tried to land at San Francisco, but I because I don't belong to their ring, but was not permitted. Then I came here, hop-ing to cross the sound, but I was sent It was long past midnight when the ing to cross the sound, but I was sent

INESEGIRL

find friends; they would make me a—a slave."

Bob was whistling softly, but he understood. No one knew better than he the value which the Chinese slave women represented to their owners. Yet it must be confessed he had hitherto regarded them much in the same light as did their n asters—mere animals, without sense or feelings, and worth, in the United States, from \$1.000 to \$3.000. But he shuddered as he thought of this girl being condemned to such a life.

Sieve."

Bob was whistling softly, but he understood. No one knew better than he the value which had suddenly appeared upon the Chinese contractor, who supplied him with the coolies which he transported across the sound.

Bob doubted whether Foo would dare to denounce him, yet he felt that trouble was coming. Foo had a certificate and could visit the United States at will, but he had not crossed Puget Sound without cause, and unquestionably his purpose was to pre-

breaker, as he lazily knowing all that you have told me?" he lolled back in the asked, after a pause.

"And will you-will you?" the girl ex-

"If I can," said Bob, lightly, as if deprecating any display of gratitude. "But won't you run up your number—tell me your name, you know?"

The girl was trembling violently, yet she at once produced a package of cigarettes. Regardless of the grumbling passengers behind, Bob stopped to light one. Then he moved forward. The China was a contracted to the contracted to the

"I have none that I will ever use," the girl replied. "My mother's name was Helen Marsden, and she always called me Nellie, but I have no legal right to the name."
"Bother the legal right!" Bob interjected nonchalantly. "My legal name is Thurston. but a name is of little consequence unless the sas I wait

The girl shook her head, and Bob again of the city. But there we trepidation in his voice, glanced across the street. "Well, that's where we differ," he said,
"and if you would not be afraid I'd like to
leave you here for an hour or two. You can read or bang the plano, but don't let any "I will stay," the girl returned. "You have

said that you will help me and I believe Possibly Bob was still somewhat suspirossibly Bob was still somewhat suspi-cious of his fair protege. With the conclu-sion of his breakfast his first visit was to the Chinese quarter. But there, in a man-ner known only to himself, he readily as-certained that she had spoken only the truth and that her position was fraught with even greater deaper ther she heaved

with even greater danger than she herself was aware of.
Daylight was waning when he again returned to the hotel. At the door of his apartments he paused with his hands upon the knob, and from within there came the soft strain of the piano. He was a lover of music and a performer of more than ordi-nary ability; but beneath the fingers of this stranger the instrument seemed to speak to him as it never spoke before. Scraps of church music, fragments of oratorios and symphonies, Puritanical psalms—they seemed to carry him back to a life torgotten. Then he entered, and for a moment he stood as

"No; I'm glad you didn't," he returned.
Then his expression changed. "I did not intend to remain away so long," he added, upon the still night but, as the doctors say, your case is serious. I had no intention of taking you over

rather nervous than mirthful. Producing a pair of clippers, he proceeded to remove her dark locks with the skill of a practical barber. This done, he entered a small closet, from which he reappeared with several articles of clothing.

her presence.

"Will you tell me where I am, and how I got here?" he asked at last. The woman turned quietly toward him.

"Sh!" she cautioned. "The doctor says from which he reappeared with several ar-ticles of clothing.
"It's an old, old game," he said, smiling.

"It's an old, old game," he said, smiling, as if amused at his own thoughts; "still, I think that this time we can fool Uncle Sam and the whole Mongolian race. But the proof of the pudding is eating the bag—take these togs into the next room and see if you look better in 'em than I do."

The young girl took the proffered garmen?" he said, smiling, as if amused at his own thoughts; "still, I think that this time we can fool Uncle Sam and the whole Mongolian race. But the proof of the pudding is eating the bag—take these togs into the next room and see if you look better in 'em than I do."

The young girl took the proffered garmen?" he said, smiling, as if amused at his own thoughts; "still, I think that this time we can fool Uncle Sam and the whole Mongolian race. But the proof of the pudding is eating the bag—take these togs into the next room and see if you look better in 'em than I do."

The young girl took the proffered garments and with them disappeared in the room beyond. Bob seated himself at the piano, but somehow could not produce the

abruptness.

But the Chinaman smiled blandly and with a childlike innocence.

"No sabe," he returned. "Sabe li'le puff, puff, sixty dollar, you catchee stuff, 1 catchee Seattle."

Despite his suspicions, Bob laughed. The man certainly knew about the "puff, puff" as they termed Thurston's small steam launch and he appreciated the fact that are launch and himself at the plan to produce the soft strains to which he had listened; operated the did not know, heither was he aware that the possessed a wife. Then his face better without, all rattled from beneath he did not know, heither was he aware that the possessed a wife. Then he face with a twould have been better without, all rattled from beneath his fingers, until at last he rose from the stool with an ejaculation of annoyance. Then, as the young girl reappeared, he regarded her with a look of unspoken admiration.

The short hair, parted and brushed across her brow in clustering curis, was rather be-

her brow in clustering curls, was rather be-coming than otherwise, lending to ner race a saucy, piquant air, while her natural despite the pain in his head, smiling comi-

"Certainly; I'll see you safely away from the coast. But you'd better get back into the coast. But you'd better get back into your own rig now. While you're at it I'll see about dinner."

Tears welled to the young girl's eyes, yet she strove to smile chercular and shot at one of the men who was going to carry me away; then a whistle sounded

Tears welled to the young girl's eyes, yet she strove to smile cheerfully: and, grasping her hands with an impetuous friendliness, licemen were standing over us. They want her her to the door.

Bob led her to the door.

"No more tears," he adjured; "you're a man now. And don't lose your appetite worrying, for they'll cut ice at the equator if we don't get through."

During the dinner which followed the young girl appeared to regain a spirit of honefulness and she proved on so at least hopefulness and she proved-or so, at least,

Bob thought—a most entertaining compan-ion. Then the piano was again called into Wetting his finger, Bob across her cheek.

"Bah!" he ejaculated, as it left a line upon her skin. "Go into the next room and wash your face. I may want to recognize musical harmony. As Bob listened to the old familiar airs—airs that have been worn old familiar airs—airs that have been worn after the old familiar airs—airs that have been worn old familiar airs—airs that have been worn after the old familiar airs—airs that have been worn after the old familiar airs—airs that have been worn after the same are the old familiar airs—airs that have been worn after the same are the old familiar airs—airs that have been worn after the girl, as a child, had imbled her first ideas of musical harmony. As Bob listened to the old familiar airs—airs that have been worn after the girl, as a child, had imbled her first ideas of musical harmony. The woman still made no reply, but, picking up the bundle which had fallen to the floor, she silently entered the room adjoin-

When the Seattle steamer swung out from From the Popular Health Magazine.

An observer thus differentiates the cries

An observer thus differentiates the cries of children in disease. The cry of a child in pneumonia and capillary bronchitis is Bob hastened to place a chair before her, been closely shaven, and the neatly fitting From Pack. in pneumonia and capillary bronchitis is moderate and peevish and muffled as if a door were shut between the child and hear-er. The cry in croup is hoarse, brassy and ere. The cry in croup is hoarse, brassy and speared to hesitate, as if loath to hear her to "wash her face." Even after she was seated he appeared to hesitate, as if loath to hear her paddle boxes on either side and reuniting in her face." Even after sne was supported to hesitate, as if loath to hear her appeared to he wake of the boat, left behind a dull, phosphorescent track. Far away to their ing about?"

"Why, haven't you just told me that safety for Nellie Marsden.

As the steamer steadily churned her way through the placid waters of the straits an occasional shadow would glide, ghost-like, through the dusk. Bob smiled significantly as he pointed these out to his companion.

Profitable.

"I wanted to treat the second of the second

The young man smiled, but his face plainly told his opinion of her veracity. "You should throw in line, hooks and sinkers with that explanation," he said dryly. "The boats leave here every evening; no one—"

"They will not take me," the girl sadly interposed. "I am a native of China—the daughter of a Chinaman."

Bob drew a long breath of surprise. "You a Celestial?" he exclaimed. "Why you look as little like it as I do."

"And yet I am," was the low responsed. "You couldn't have done it better," he said in a low tone, "Why, I think the man actually pitied you for being in such scoundrelly company."
The girl smiled. Then an anxious look

swept over her features, "Can they not arrest you on this side?" she asked. Bob laughed lightly; yet he was rather pleased at the evidence of her solicitude.
"No," he returned. "They would like to

find friends; they would make me a-a ticularly troubled by the officer's presence

a life.

"And did the officers refuse you a landing. knowing all that you have told me?" he asked, after a pause.

"Some of them would have allowed me to remain for money and others would—"

Her fees bluebed as if all the such as the presence was unlooked for and a serious obstacle. Thurston had fully realized that in assisting the girl he would incur the hostility of the Chinese, but he had relied upon her disguise to pass even their keep serviting. slight, graceful build, and possessing a frank, handsome and almost boyish face, he looked like one who had been borned the proverbial silver too—a luxuriously furfof the best hostelries d—might have seemed d—coccuration to one account to the contract to the china to t

'Give me a-hic-eigarette, Dode, old

boy," he said in a tone of affected inebrie-ty, slapping his companion on the back with a rough playfulness.

The girl was trembling violently, yet she

moved forward. The Chinaman had hur-ried off into the darkness, and that he had not betrayed their identity was shown by the careless glance which the officer gave them as they passed.

them as they passed.

Bob breathed a sigh of relief as he left the wharf; yet he glanced unsasily about, as he noticed that there were no cabs in waiting and that a dark expanse of many welcomed the young girl to the freedom."

"The mayor would have been here to "The mayor would have been here to receive us in person, you know," he observed lightly, "but he says that people talk about him if he stays out after dark."
"I'm glad he wasn't," was the response. Bob smiled, and reassuringly drew her arm through his own.
"You have nothing to fear now," he said

quietly. The girl shuddered and returned no swer; she was gazing steadily at the twin-kling lights of the city beyond. A moment later several dark forms darted from be-hind a pile of rubbish which littered the

sidewalk in front of an unfinished build-ing. Bob's hand dropped into his coat and reappeared grasping a shining pisted. "Cling to me, whatever happens," he said The figures stood motionless, as if waiting for them to pass, and by the dim outlines of their loose garments Bob knew that they were Chinamen. But he did not halt or hesitate.

Suddenly one of them leaped toward him with his arm upraised. Bob's pistol cracked and the man fell back with a low cry. Then he entered, and for a moment he stood as if reluctant to break the spell. But the girl had heard his step and she turned toward him with a blush of confusion
"I did not know you were here," she said, with a slight hesitation.

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"I did not know you were here," she said, with a slight hesitation.

The next instant a shrill whistle broke upon the still night air. At the sound the men disappeared as if by magic, and the young girl, half fainting, sank beside

"but, as the doctors say, your case is serious. I had no intention of taking you over in the launch, because you could not stand the long trip through the woods from where we land; and now another difficulty crops up—the highbinders are looking for you, and if they find you no power on earth can save you. Still, if you will consent to lose your hair and do a little more masquerading—"

"I'll do anything you say," the girl broke in; "anything."

The smuggler laughed—a laugh that was the men disappeared as if by magic, and the young girl, half fainting, sank beside bob's inanimate form.

The brilliant sunlight of another day, shining through an open window and illumining a comfortably furnished room, greeted Bob's eyes when he at last regained consciousness. For a brief interval his gaze wandered about his new surroundings with a dazed, bewildered ook. Then it rested upon an elderly, pleasant-faced woman seated beside the bed. She did not be precise that he had awakened, and he The smuggler laughed-a laugh that was perceive that he had awakened, and he stared at her, endeavoring to account for

"Could I ask you to call my-my

and tomorrow we embark for Scattle."

"Well, doctors don't always turn trumps,"

"Are you going with me?" the girl asked,
with a slight show of surprise.

"Well, doctors don't always turn trumps,"
he lightly returned. "But tell me about the
fracas; I was not in at the finish, you

suaded them to bring you to this hotel, where we are now."

"And did they ask for no explanation?"

"Yes. They knew I was a woman because I screamed, but I remembered your advice. I gave them some money, and told them that there were rome things we would rather not explain."

Bob grinned. "But how about the hotel people?" he asked.

The young girl blushed, and for a moment

made no reply.
"The doctor discovered my sex," she faltered at last, "and they were going to send me away, but I told them that I was yourmoor, she silently entered the room adjoining.

With her disappearance Bob resumed his former seat beside the window. Lighting a cigarette, he again stared at the passers by. As the minutes slowly passed, and the woman did not return, he drummed impatiently upon the glass, and at last rose and tapped upon the panel. For several moments there was no response; then the door opened and he drew back in astonishment.

His visitor was no longer a nondescript, half woman, half coolie, but a young girl, ciad in a plain, well-fitting gown, whose clinging folds displayed a tall, grantly and a plain, well-fitting gown, whose clinging folds displayed a tall, grantly and they were going to send me away, but I told them that I was your-your wife, and that I frequently as companied your wife, and that I frequently accompanied your wife, and they were colors amuginately your wife, and that I frequently accompanied your wife, and that I frequently accompanied your wife

that I feel somewhat out of place without one around the house."

Sapsmith (terribly agitated)-"Oh, that is

awful! And will the poor feliah never be





"But why did you make known your ratiorality?"

"My countrymen informed against me."

The girl replied. "They do not want me to the gangplank. He was not par
"But why did you make known your wharf a glaring electric light made daylight out of darkness, and showed light to the gangplank. He was not par
foot of the gangplank. He was not par
samples she got."

Jimmy Cohar. Con to the rag man—get 2 cents a pound for them."

Tommy Byers.—"Where d' you git 'em?"

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Tommy Byers.—"Where d' you git 'em?"

Jimmy Cohar. Con to the rag man and the gleaming brass buttons of the man at the foot of the gangplank. He was not par
town shoppin' yesterday, and these are the